

# Married at First Sight [On-Going]

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## Chapter 4533

Seeing River at a loss for words, Romina smiled triumphantly.

Then River pulled out his phone and said, “Give me your bank account. I’ll transfer the money now. Go buy whatever you like tomorrow—but you’d better bring me the receipts. I need proof you used my money to shop and not to spoil some pretty boy like Maddox.”

“He’s not even as good-looking as me, Romina. You really need better taste. If you’re going to support a gigolo, at least make sure he’s hotter than I am.”

Romina was speechless.

“River, are you jealous?”

She looked at him, amused.

“Do you secretly like me? Seeing me with Maddox tonight made you jealous, didn’t it? The moment you laid eyes on him, you started going after him—slandering him, trying to drive a wedge between us. I’m not wrong, am I?”

River chuckled. “You called me ‘husband’ first. Since you did, it’s only natural I take responsibility for you. As your ‘husband,’ I’m obviously going to get jealous when my wife flirts with another guy in front of me. I’m not that big-hearted. The fact I didn’t punch Maddox says a lot.”

“And no, I’m not secretly in love with you. If I ever fall for you, I’ll make it loud and clear. I don’t sneak around.”

Romina was speechless again.

She deeply regretted calling him “husband” that day. Now he threw it in her face every chance he got, and this jerk had completely leaned into the role.

“Wife, send me your bank info. I’ll wire you the money now. Go buy everything you want.”

“Husbands make money for their wives to spend. That’s how the York men are—we spoil our wives. Romina, you’re my wife now. That’s your good fortune after eight lifetimes of karma. You should know—back home, tons of girls are dying to marry me.”

River wasn’t exaggerating.

In Wiltspoon, plenty of girls wanted to marry him. Of the nine young York men, only three were still single—and they were wildly popular.

Back when Grandma was in charge, she handled all the matchmaking. Her standards were so high that barely any rich daughters made the cut.

Now that she was too old to keep up with it, the remaining bachelors were free to date whoever they wanted.

That was great news for the daughters of Wiltspoon’s wealthy families.

They finally had a shot at pursuing one of the three eligible York men.

River had come all the way to Eaglioncile partly to get away from the swarm of suitors.

Thousands of kilometers away, few people knew his exact location, and they wouldn’t chase him that far.

There were no elders nagging him to get married and no crowd of socialites surrounding him either.

Though plenty of powerful women in Eaglioncile were captivated by his looks, they were practical when it came to marriage.

They’d only consider men whose family backgrounds matched theirs.

Even if River was successful now, in their eyes, he still came from an ordinary family.